

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS. 3.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

As perform'd at the

THEATRE in YORK.

The MUSICK Compos'd by G. F. HANDEL, Esq;



Y O R K:

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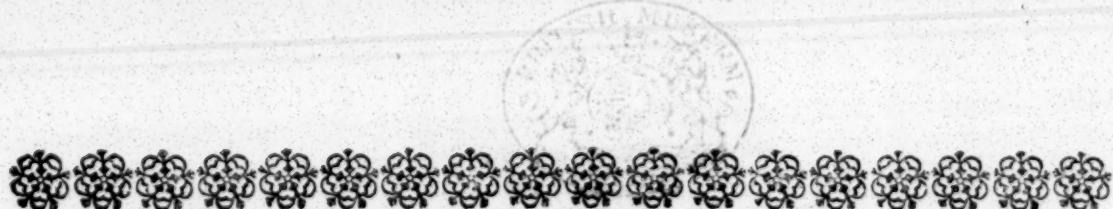


Dramatis Personæ.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

SIMON, *his Brother.*

CHORUS of Israelitish *Men and Women.*





JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

P A R T I.

Chorus of *Israelites*, Men and Women, lamenting the Death
of *Mattathias*, Father of *Judas Macchabæus*.

**O**URN, ye afflicted Children, the Remains
M Of captive Judah, mourn in solemn Strains ;
Your sanguine Hopes of Liberty give o'er ;
Your Father, Friend, and Hero is no more.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Man.

Well, Brethren, may your Sorrows flow
In all th' expressive Signs of Woe ;
Your softer Garments tear,
And squalid Sackcloth wear ;
Your drooping Heads with Ashes strew,
And with the flowing Tear your Cheeks bedew.

A

RE-

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

Daughters, let your distressful Cries,
 And loud Lament, ascend the Skies ;
 Your tender Bosoms beat, and tear,
 With Hands remorseless, your dishevell'd Hair.
 For pale and breathless *Mattathias* lies :
 Sad Emblem of his Country's Miseries !

D U E T.

From this dread Scene, these adverse Pow'rs,
Ab ! whither shall we fly ?
O Solyma, thy boasted Tow'rs
In smoky Ruins lie.
Ab ! whither shall we fly ?

C H O R U S.

For Sion Lamentation make,
With Words that weep, and Tears that speak.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

Not vain is all this Storm of Grief,
 To vent our Sorrows gives Relief.
 Wretched indeed ! But let not *Judah's* Race
 Their Ruin with desponding Arms embrace.

Distractful

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

5

Distractful Doubt and Desperation
Ill become the chosen Nation,
Chosen by the great *I A M*,
The Lord of Hosts, who, still the same,
We trust will give attentive Ear
To the Sincerity of Pray'r.

A I R.

Pious Orgies, pious Airs,
Decent Sorrow, decent Pray'rs,
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His Pity, and regain his Love.

C H O R U S.

O Father, whose almighty Pow'r
The Heav'ns, and Earth, and Seas adore !
The Hearts of Judah, thy Delight,
In one defensive Band unite.
Grant us a Leader bold, and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Simon.

I feel, I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright *Cherubim* between,
His radiant Glory erst display'd ;

A 2

To

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

To *Israël's* distressful Pray'r,
He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious Ear,
And points out *Macchabæus* to their Aid.

Judas shall set the Captive free,
And lead us on to Victory.

A I R.

Arm, arm, ye Brave; a noble Cause,
The Cause of Heav'n your Zeal demands;
In Defence of your Nation, Religion, and Laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your Hands.

C H O R U S.

We come, we come, in bright Array,
Judas, thy Sceptre to obey.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Judas.

'Tis well, my Friends; with Transport I behold
The Spirit of our Fathers, fam'd of old
For their Exploits in War.—Oh may *their* Fire
With active Courage *you* their Sons inspire:

As when the mighty *Joshua* fought,
And those amazing Wonders wrought;
Stood still, obedient to his Voice, the Sun,
'Till Kings he had destroy'd, and Kingdoms won.

AIR.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

7

A I R,

*Call forth thy Pow'rs, my Soul, and dare
The Conflict of unequal War :
Great is the Glory of the conquering Sword,
That triumphs in sweet Liberty restor'd.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Woman.

To Heav'n's Almighty King we kneel,
For Blessings on this exemplary Zeal.
Bless him, *Jehovah*, bless him, and once more
To thine own *Israel* Liberty restore.

A I R.

*O Liberty, thou choicest Treasure,
Seat of Virtue, Source of Pleasure ;
Life without thee knows no Blessing,
No Endearment worth careffing.*

A I R.

*Come, ever-smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train ;
For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,
With whom eternal Pleasures reign.*

A I R.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

AIR.

*'Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone,
That gives fresh Beauty to the Sun :
That makes all Nature look more gay,
And lovely Life with Pleasure steal away.*

CHORUS.

*Lead on, lead on, Judah despairs
The galling Load of hostile Chains.*

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

So will'd my zealous Father, now at Rest
In the eternal Mansions of the Blest ;
“ Can ye behold, said he, the Miseries
“ In which the long-insulted *Judah* lies ?
“ Can ye behold their dire Distress,
“ And not, at least, attempt Redress ? —
Then faintly, with expiring Breath —
“ Resolve, my Sons, on Liberty, or Death.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

We come ; Oh see, thy Sons prepare
The rough Habiliments of War ;
With Hearts intrepid, and revengeful Hands,
To execute, O Sire, thy dread Commands.

AIR

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

9

A I R.

*Disdainful of Danger, we'll rush on the Foe,
That thy Pow'r, O Jehovah, all Nations may know.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Judas.

Ambition! if e'er Honour was thine Aim,
Challenge it here:—
The glorious Cause gives Sanction to thy Claim.

A I R.

*No unhallow'd Desire
Our Breasts shall inspire,
Nor Lust of unbounded Pow'r;
But Peace to obtain:
Free Peace let us gain,
And Conquest shall ask no more.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Haste we, my Brethren, haste we to the Field,
Dependent on the Lord, our Strength and Shield.

C H O R U S.

*Hear us, O Lord, on Thee thy Servants call,
Resolv'd on Conquest, or a glorious Fall.*

B

P A R T

P A R T II.

*FALL'N is the Foe!—So fall thy Foes, O Lord,
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous Sword.*

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Man.

Victorious Hero! Fame shall tell,
With her last Breath, how *Apollonius* fell,
And all *Samaria* fled; by thee pursued,
Through Hills of Carnage, and a Sea of Blood.
While thy resistless Prowess dealt around,
With their own Leader's Sword, the deathful Wound.
Thus too the haughty *Seron*, *Syria's* Boast,
Before thee fell, with his unnumber'd Host.

AIR.

*So rapid thy Course is,
Not numberless Forces
Withstand thy all-conquering Sword;
Tho' Nations surround thee,
No Pow'r shall confound thee,
'Till Freedom again be restor'd.*

DUETTO and CHORUS.

*Sion now her Head shall raise,
Tune your Harps to Songs of Praise.*

RE-

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

11

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

O let eternal Honours crown his Name;
Judas! first *Worthy* in the Rolls of Fame.
Say, “ He put on the Breast-Plate as a Giant,
“ And girt his warlike Harness about him.
“ In his Acts he was like a Lion,
“ And like a Lion’s Whelp roaring for his Prey.” *

A I R.

From mighty Kings he took the Spoil,
And with his Acts made Judah smile;
Judah rejoiceth in his Name,
And triumphs in her Hero’s Fame.

D U E T and C H O R U S.

Hail, hail Judea, happy Land!
Salvation prospers in his Hand.

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

Thanks to my Brethren—But look up to Heav’n;
To Heav’n let Glory, and all Praise be giv’n;
To Heav’n give your Applause,
Nor add the second Cause,

B 2

As

* 1 Maccab. iii. 3. &c.

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

As once your Fathers did in *Midian*,
 Saying, *The Sword of God and Gideon*.
 It is the Lord, who for his *Israel* fought,
 And this our wonderful Salvation wrought.

A I R.

How vain is Man, who boasts in Fight,
The Valour of Gigantic Might;
And dreams not that a Hand unseen
Directs, and guides this weak Machine!

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Messenger.

O *Judas*, O my Brethren!
 New Scenes of bloody War
 In all their Horrors rise.

Prepare, prepare,
 Or soon we fall a Sacrifice
 To great *Antiochus*; from th' *Egyptian Coast*,
 (Where *Ptolomy* hath *Memphis* and *Pelusium* lost)
 He sends the valiant *Gorgias*, and commands
 His proud victorious Bands
 To root out *Israel's Strength*, and to erase
 Ev'ry Memorial of the *Sacred Place*.

A I R

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

13

AIR and CHORUS.

*Ab! wretched, wretched Israel! fall'n how low,
From joyous Transport to desponding Woe.*

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

Be comforted.—Nor think these Plagues are sent
For your Destruction, but for Chastisement.
Heav'n oft' in Mercy punisheth, that Sin
May feel its own Demerits from within,
And urge not utter Ruin.—Turn to God,
And draw a Blessing from his Iron Rod.

A I R.

*The Lord worketh Wonders
His Glory to raise,
And still as he thunders
Is fearful in Praise.*

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

My Arms!—Against this *Gorgias* will I go—
The *Idumean* Governor shall know,
How vain, how ineffective his Design,
While Rage his Leader, and *Jehovah* mine.

A I R.

A I R.

*Sound an Alarm. Your silver Trumpets sound,
And call the Brave, and only Brave, around.—
Who listeth, follow,—To the Field again,—
Justice with Courage is a thousand Men.*

C H O R U S.

*We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful Call :
And follow thee to Conquest ;—If, to fall ;
For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Simon.

Enough.—To Heav'n we leave the rest.—
Such gen'rous Ardour firing ev'ry Breast,
We may divide our Cares.—The Field be thine,
O Judas, and the *Sanctuary* mine.
Lo Sion, holy *Sion*, Seat of God,
In ruinous Heaps is by the Heathen trod ;
Such Profanation calls for swift Redress,
If e'er in Battle *Israel* hopes Success.

A I R.

*With pious Hearts, and brave as pious,
O Sion, we thy Call attend :
Nor dread the Nations that defy us,
God our Defender, God our Friend.*

RE-

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Man.

Ye Worshippers of God !

Down, down with the polluted Altars, down ;
Hurl *Jupiter Olympius* from his Throne,
Nor rev'rence *Bacchus* with his Ivy Crown,
And Ivy-wreathed Rod.

Our Fathers never knew
Him, or his beastly Crew,
Or knowing, scorn'd such Idol Vanities.

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Woman.

No more in *Sion* let the Virgin Throng,
Wild with Delusion, pay their nightly Song
To Ashtoreth, yclep'd the *Queen of Heav'n* :
Hence to *Phænicia* be the Goddess driv'n ;
Or be she, with her Priests and Pageants, hurl'd
To the remotest Corner of the World ;
Ne'er to delude us more with pious Lies.

A I R.

*Wise Men, flatt'ring, may deceive us
With their vain mysterious Art ;
Magic Charms can ne'er relieve us,
Nor can heal the wounded Heart.*

But

JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.

*But true Wisdom can relieve us,
Godlike Wisdom, from above;
This alone can ne'er deceive us,
This alone all Pains remove.*

Wise Men, flatt'ring, &c.

D U E T.

*O never, never bow we down
To the rude Stock, or sculptur'd Stone:
But ever worship Isr'el's God,
Ever obedient to his Nod.*

C H O R U S.

*We never, never will bown down
To the rude Stock, or sculptur'd Stone.—
We worship God, and God alone.*

P A R T

P A R T III.

Israelitish Priest. [Having recovered the Sanctuary, &c.]

A I R.

FATHER of Heav'n, from thy eternal Throne,
Look with an Eye of Blessing down,
While we prepare, with holy Rites,
To solemnize the Feasts of Lights.
And thus our grateful Hearts employ ;
And in thy Praise,
This Altar raise,
With Carols of triumphant Joy.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Man.

See, see yon Flames that from the Altar broke,
In spiry Streams pursue the trailing Smoke !
The fragrant Incense mounts the yielding Air ;
Sure Presage that the Lord hath heard our Pray'r.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Woman.

O grant it, Heav'n, that our long Woes may cease,
And Judah's Daughters taste the Calm of Peace ;

18 *JUDAS MACCHABÆUS.*

Sons, Brothers, Husbands to bewail no more,
Tortur'd at Home, or havock'd in the War.

A I R.

*So shall the Lute and Harp awake,
And sprightly Voice sweet Descant run,
Seraphic Melody to make,
In the pure Strains of Jesse's Son.*

RECITATIVE.

Israelitish Messenger.

From *Capbarsalama*, on Eagle Wings I fly,
With Tidings of impetuous Joy.—
Came *Lysias*, with his Host, array'd
In Coat of Mail; their massy Shields,
Of Gold and Brâfs, flash'd Lightning through the Fields.
While the huge Tow'r-back'd Elephants display'd
A horrid Front; but *Judas*, undismay'd,
Met, fought, and vanquish'd all the rageful Train.
Yet more; *Nicanor* is with Thousands slain;
The blasphemous *Nicanor*, who defy'd
The living God, and in his wanton Pride
A Monument ordain'd
Of Victories yet ungain'd.

But

But lo ! the Conqueror comes, and on his Spear,
To dissipate all Fear,
He bears the Vaunter's Head and Hand,
That threaten'd Desolation to the Land.

CHORUS of YOUTHS.

*" See, the conqu'ring Hero comes,
Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drums :
Sports prepare, the Laurel bring,
Songs of Triumph to him sing.*

CHORUS of VIRGINS.

*" See the God-like Youth advance,
Breathe the Flutes, and lead the Dance :
Myrtle Wreaths, and Roses twine,
To deck the Hero's Brows divine.*

FULL CHORUS.

*" See the conqu'ring Hero comes,
Sound the Trumpet, beat the Drums :
Sports prepare, the Laurel bring,
Songs of Triumph to him sing.*

See the, &c.

Sound the, &c.

The

The M A R C H.

C H O R U S.

*Sing unto God, and high Affections raise,
To crown this Conquest with unmeasur'd Praise.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Judas.

Sweet flow the Strains, that strike my feasted Ear.—

Angels might stoop from Heav'n, to hear

The comely Songs ye sing,
To *Israel's* Lord and King.—

But pause awhile—due Obsequies prepare,

To those who bravely fell in War.—

To *Eleazar* special Tribute pay.—

Through slaughter'd Troops he cut his Way

To the distinguish'd Elephant, and, whelm'd beneath

The deep-stabb'd Monster, triumph'd in a glorious Death.

A I R.

*With Honour let Desert be crown'd;
The Trumpet ne'er in vain shall sound;
But all attentive to Alarms,
The willing Nations fly to Arms;
And conquering, or conquer'd, claim the Prize,
Of happy Earth, or far more happy Skies.*

Eupo-

Eupolemus. [The Jewish Ambassador to *Rome*.]

Peace to my Countrymen;—Peace and Liberty.—

From the great Senate of Imperial *Rome*,
With a firm League of Amity I come.
Rome, whate'er Nation dare insult us more,
Will rouze, in our Defence, her Veteran Pow'r;
And stretch her vengeful Arm by Land or Sea,
“ To curb the Proud, and set the Injur'd free.

C H O R U S.

To our great God, be all the Honour giv'n,
That grateful Hearts can send from Earth to Heav'n.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Israelitish Woman.

Again to Earth let Gratitude descend.—
Praise-worthy is our Hero, and our Friend.—
Come, my fair Daughters, choicest Art bestow,
To weave a Chaplet for the Victor's Brow;
And in your Songs for ever be confess'd,
“ The Valour that preserv'd, the Pow'r that bless'd,
Bless'd you with Hours, that scatter, as they fly,
Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and boundless Joy.

D U E T.

D U E T.

*C*lively Peace, with Plenty crown'd,
*C*ome, spread thy Blessings all around;
*L*et fleecy Flocks the Hills adorn,
*A*nd Vallies smile with wavy corn:
*L*et the shrill Trumpet cease, nor other Sound,
*B*ut Nature's Songsters, wake the cheerful Morn.

A I R and C H O R U S.

Simon.

*R*ejoice, O Judah, and in Songs divine,
*W*ith Cherubin and Seraphin harmonious join.

Hallelujah, &c.

F I N I S.



